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THE
CAPTAIN
JINKS
OF
THE HORSE MARINES
SONGSTER

THE
CAPTAIN
JINKS
OF
THE HORSE MARINES, SONGSTER

HHFBC
SONGSTERS
BOX 4 # 11



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THE
CAPTAIN JINKS,

OF

THE HORSE MARINES,
SONGSTER.

CONTAINING

The Great Lingard's Most Popular Songs.

IN ADDITION TO OTHER CAPITAL BALLADS, THIS BOOK
INCLUDES THE

Music Arranged For Voices,

OF

'CAPTAIN DE WELLINGTON BOOTS'

AND

'TOMMY DODD.'

NEW-YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 13 FRANKFORT STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by ROBERT
M. DE WITT, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District
Court for the Southern District of New York.

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THE MUSIC OF ALL THE SONGS IN THIS BOOK CAN BE BOUGHT AT THE
MUSIC STORE OF WM. HALL & SONS, No. 543 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES.

As sung by the GREAT LINGARD.

I am Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I of-ten live beyond my means,
I sport young ladies in their teens,
To cut a swell in the army.
I teach the La-dies how to dance,
How to dance, how to dance,
I teach the La-dies how to dance,
For I'm their pet in the army.

SPOKEN.—Ha! ha! ha!

CHORUS.

I'm Cap-tain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I give my horse good corn and beans;
Of course its quite beyond my means,
Tho' a Captain in the ar-my.

I joined my corps when twenty-one,
Of course I thought it capital fun.
When the enemy came then off I run,
I was'nt cut out for the army,
When I left home mama she cried,
Mama she cried, mama she cried,
When I left home mama she cried,
"He aint cut out for the army."

SPOKEN.—No, she thought I was too young, but then, I said,
ah! mama,

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, &c.

The first day I went out to drill,
The bugle sound made me quite ill,
At the Balance step my hat it fell,
And that wouldn't do for the army.
The officers they all did shout,
They all cried out, they all did shout,
The officers they all did shout,
"Oh that's the curse of the army."

SPOKEN.—Of course my hat *did* fall off, but ah! nevertheless,

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, &c.

My Tailor's bills came in so fast,
Forced me one day to leave at last.

ITALIAN GUINEA PIG BOY.

And ladies too no more did cast,
 Sheep's eyes at me in the army.
 My creditors at me did shout,
 At me did shout, at me did shout,
 My creditors at me did shout,
 "Why kick him out of the army."

SPOKEN—I said, ah! gentlemen, ah! kick *me* out of the army?
 Perhaps you are not aware, that,

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, &c.

ITALIAN GUINEA PIG BOY.

As sung by the GREAT LINGARD.

I'm a poor Italian Guinea pig boy,
 Straight from Florence I come with my stock;
 My parents say, "Joseph, what for you roar,"
 And mine little sister cry, when I leavee my home.

CHORUS.

O zen take pity,
 On ze poor Italian Guinea pig boy,
 Vot leave him good home.

Ven I leavee I-ta-ly, my friends say, "good-bye,"
 We no see you 'gain but my Guinea cry "queak,"
 I fall in ze water and the people all stare,
 But mine Guinea jump'd in and pull me out by ze hair.

O zen take pity, &c.

Vell I recover'd and come to America,
 O it so good, I no go back again,
 Zo for my troubles I care not von fig,
 Zo long as I please with my little Guinea pig.

O ven take pity, &c.

ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.

As sung by the GREAT LINGARD.

On the Beach at Long Branch, one fine Summer's day,
I had a novel reading to pass the time away,
And so interested was I in the plot—
A Gent stood there bedside me—still I saw him not—
Till, at last, by chance, my eyelids I did raise—
I found him on me looking with enraptured gaze—
Bright blue eyes so sparkling, handsome Grecian nose,
Teeth of pearly whiteness—quite the pink of beaux.

CHORUS.

'Twas on the beach at Long Branch, one fine Summer's day,
I met this handsome man who stole my heart away;
Now I feel so happy as blissful moments glide,
The day is quickly coming when I shall be his bride!

As like one awaking from some happy dream,
We glances did exchange—his eyes with love did beam—
Ere much time was over, we began to chat—
And hours passed away—still he beside me sat—
And with ways so winning he did love impart—
My spirits rose as high as the early morning lark.
He told me that he loved me, vowed that all his life
Would be to him worthless, unless I'd be his wife.

'Twas on the beach, &c.

He said that if I'd marry, all troubles we would drown,
And live in blissful ignorance of all the cares of Town.
With soft persuasive power he told me of his love,
Vowing to be true, by all the Powers above!
He asked me if I'd marry, pressed me then to say—
Till, to his wishes yielding, I named the happy day.
He said his cup of bliss was filled quite to the brim,
He'd live alone for me, and I alone for him!

Spoken.—And I can assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, he
is one of those dear delightful fellows that no young girl could
resist, and I'm very happy and proud to say: Up to the present
moment I've no cause to regret that

'Twas on the beach, &c.

AS THROUGH THE PARK I GO.

As sung by the GREAT LINGARD.

Oh! I'm a girl that's fond of life,
My age is twenty-one,
I am averse to noise and strife,
But very fond of fun;
And though to vice I'm not inclin'd,
I like the flattery of mankind,
And always like to speak my mind,
Alike to every one.

CHORUS.

For as through the park I go,
The gents all want to know,
"Who is that darling girl that drives so fast?
They'd like to know.

I live at home with dear mam-ma,
And do just as I will,
While lovers come from near and far,
And me with nonsense fill;
But I tell them all, I'll be a nun,
And beg they will at once have done,
But then they say, I'm only in fun,
As I laugh behind my fan.

Spoken.—Well, of course I am in fun sometimes. 'Twas only the other evening, mam-ma took me to a ball, and bought me this new dress from Madame Wintle for the occasion, for mam-ma said, I must put on my best smiles and graces, for I was getting rather old and it was quite time I was off her hands. Poor mam-ma! she always has my interest at heart. So after the Ball was over one dear young fellow began to address me, and I really thought he was going to propose, but another gent came in and spoiled it all, and I've many times heard them both remark—

"As through the park I go, &c."

OLD HATS AND RAGS.

As sung by the GREAT LINGARD.

Old hats! old rags! my trouble is great,
Could I be in a more wretched state,
I feel indeed my heart it will break;
List, and I will tell you of my wrongs,
Hark and I will my woes unfold;
By a girl I have been cruelly sold,
And through her I've lost all my nice gold,
My heart and my gold is both gone.

CHORUS

Old hats, old rags, my cry is old rags:
This bag on my back, the streets I drag,
And Ruth, mine Ruth, I did love her so,
But Slotchzein, I find I've been sold.

She lived down an area in Union Square,
And every day I did pass me by there,
She was possess'd of beauty most rare,
And one day she beckoned me to come,
She had some old hats to exchange for new.
She melted the heart of this poor Jew,
And how I loved her! Ah, just a few,
But Slotchzein, I find I've been sold.

Old hats, old rags, &c.

I used to call on her most every day,
Down on my knees I implored her to say
She'd be my dear wife and not to say nay,
And then she agreed to be mine;
But, oh my heart, I must have been cream,
For in my old coat I opened a seam,
And gave ten dollars to my heart's queen,
To buy her some things for the time.

Old hats, old rags, &c.

She said, Now, dear Slotchzein, soon you'll be mine,
Drink my good health in a glass of old wine,
It must have been poisoned, for I slept such a time,
Which she turned it to profit it seems;
For when I awoke, I thought I must choke,
I was tied by the arms and legs with a rope,
And Ruth had hooked it with mine coat,
With a thousand dollars sewed in the seam.

Old hats, old rags, &c.

BITTER BEER.

As sung by the GREAT LINGARD

The subject of my little song,
Is one I hold most dear,
It supports our Constitution,
And it will for many a year;
John Bull would surely be defunct,
Or else look rather queer,
If Bass & Co. should cease to brew
Their glorious "Bitter Beer."*

CHORUS.

Allsop, Bass & Co., they each deserve a monument, so give
them while we're here,
Three cheers for Bass and Allsop, and their glorious "Bitter
Beer."

I've tasted "Hock" and Claret too,
Madeira and Moselle,
Not one of those boshy wines
Revives this languid swell;
Of all complaints from "A to Z,"
The fact is very clear,
There's no disease but what's been cured
By Bass's "Bitter Beer."

Allsop, Bass & Co., &c.

I've lived in Scotland many years,
And drank its mountain dew,
I don't deny but what it's good,
And a stimulant, it's true.
I'm far from being prejudiced,
As many think, I fear,
But give to me a cooling draught,
Of Bass's "Bitter Beer."

Allsop, Bass & Co., &c.

*Pronounced "Bit-tah Bee-ah."

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

Composed by WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

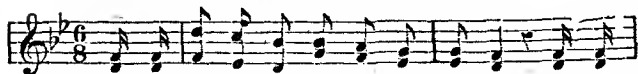
He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him ;
Weep not, my boy, the veteran said,
I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill. [Repeat.

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame ;
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name ;
Then said :—My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still :
I leave you, mark me, mark me, now,
The Sword of Bunker Hill. [Repeat.

'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A Captain raised his blade on me,
I tore it from his hand :
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will :
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The Sword of Bunker Hill. [Repeat.

Oh ! keep the sword—his accents broke,
A smile, and he was dead.
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glories growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill. [Repeat.

CAPTAIN DE WELLINGTON BOOTS.



You must know I be-long to the ar-my, You can



see it, of course, by my style, I de-light in the



ti-tle of Cap-tain, And up-on me the la-dies all



smile; In the ranks of the "First Mounted Out o' Sights" I

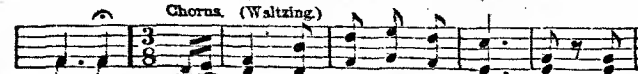


hold an im-por-tant com-mand, And per-haps you'll per-

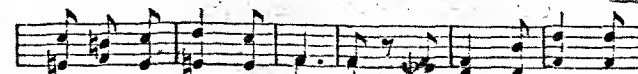


mit me to tell you There are no fin-er men in the

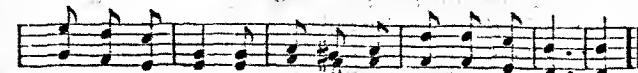
Chorus. (Waltzing)



land. To la da da with the la-dies, For



that is the style that suits, The no-ble frame and



glo-ri-ous name Of Cap-tain de Wel-ling-ton Boots.

CAPTAIN DE WELLINGTON BOOTS. [CONCLUDED.]

111

You may talk of the Bar or the Navy,
My life beats the couple to smash,
You can get a fine post in the Army,
That is if you've got but the cash;
My dad you must know was a "grocer,"
Who contrived to scrape up a good sum,
Bought me a commission with "sugar,"
And afterwards left me a "plum."

SPOKEN.—*To enable me—*

CHORUS.

To la de da with the ladies,
For that is the style that suits
The noble frame and glorious name,
Of Captain De Wellington Boots.

At Soirees and Balls I get feted,
The darlings at me how they glance,
And quarrel almost for the "Captain,"
Or implore I will join in the dance;
But dancing for me's too much bother,
I've such hard work to the rest,
I like billiards and so I do croquet,
After all tho' tho' thing I like best

SPOKEN.—*Is*

To la de da with the ladies, &c.

I tell them fine tales about battles,
Which the darlings are anxious to hear,
But what the smell of powder is like,
I have not the slightest idea;
They think I've done glorious deeds,
And have oft made the enemy fly,
But I haven't as yet, and what's more,
I have no intention to try.

SPOKEN.—*Not in the least I prefer by far—*

To la de da with the ladies, &c.

I drive a fine Drag that's a picture,
I've a mare that's a devil to go,
Of an afternoon I take a canter,
Amongst the fair ones who swarm Rotten Row;

ANNIE LAURIE.

They whisper: "See! there goes the "Captain,"
 And blush to their hairs' very roots,
 If they meet with the least recognition,
 From Captain De Wellington Boots.

SPOKEN.—*They know I'm a perfect Adonis, and they like*
me—

To la de da with the ladies, &c.

(NOTE. See "A Widow Hunt," published by Robert M. De Witt in his
 Acting Plays.)

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton Braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gie'd me her promise true;
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be;
 And for Bonny Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift—
 Her throat is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 And dark blue is her e'e;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like the dew on the gowan lying,
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
 And like the winds in summer sighing
 Her voice is low and sweet.
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me:
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

MEET ME IN THE LANE.

Composed by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

I'll meet thee in the lane,
 When the clock strikes Nine,
 In ecstasy again, love,
 To call thee mine.
 My heart for thee is burning,
 My brain is almost whirling.
 Thro' loving thee so madly,
 My sweet Mountain Rose:
 When evening stars are peeping,
 Oh! then will be our meeting,
 Old time too swiftly fleeting
 Our happy time away.
 I'll meet thee in the lane,
 When the clock strikes nine,
 In ecstasy again, love,
 To call thee mine.
 My heart for thee is burning,
 My brain is almost whirling,
 Thro' loving thee so madly,
 My sweet Mountain Rose.

CHORUS.

I'll meet thee in the lane,
 When the clock strikes nine,
 In ecstasy again, love,
 To call thee mine,
 My heart for thee is burning,
 My brain is almost whirling,
 Thro' loving thee so madly,
 My sweet Mountain Rose.

I'll leave thee in the lane,
 When the clock strikes Ten,
 And faithful will remain, love,
 Believe me then:
 Deceive thee! I will never.
 And breath from me must sever,
 If I forget thee ever,
 My sweet Mountain Rose!
 Thy presence care dispelling,
 All other charms excelling,
 Oh! what to grace my dwelling
 As thee my Mountain Rose.

Then meet me in the lane, &c.

CHORUS.

I'll meet thee in the lane, &c.

NORAH O'NEAL

Song and Chorus written and composed by WILL. S. HAYS:

Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
 And I sigh for one glance of your eye;
 For, sure there's a charm love, about you,
 Whenever I know you are nigh.
 Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling,
 Is the glance which your eye can't conceal,
 And your voice is so sweet and beguiling,
 That I love you, sweet Norah O'Neal.

CHORUS.

Oh! don't think that ever I'll doubt you,
 My love I will never conceal;
 Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
 My darling, sweet Norah O'Neal!

Oh! the nightingale sings in the wild-wood,
 As if every note that he knew
 Was learned from your sweet voice in childhood,
 To remind me, sweet Norah, of you
 But I think, love, so often about you,
 And you don't know how happy I feel,
 But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you.
 My darling sweet Norah O'Neal!

Oh! don't think that ever, &c.

Oh! why should I weep tears of sorrow?
 Or why to let hope lose its place?
 Wont I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
 And smile on your beautiful face?
 Will you meet me? Oh! say, will you meet me
 With a kiss at the foot of the lane?
 And I'll promise whenever you greet me,
 That I'll never be lonely again.

Oh! don't think that ever, &c.

WHAT NORAH SAID.

REPLY TO "NORAH O'NEAL"

Words by ARTHUR MATTHISON.

Music by W. F. WELLMAN, JR.

Is it lonely ye are then without me?
 Only wait, and I'll come bye-and-bye,
 For, meself's just entirely as lonely,
 And, Darling, I give sigh for sigh.
 If the glance of my eye's like the star, love,
 If my voice sweetly sounds on your ear,
 In your own looks of love my eyes brighten,
 And my voice tender grows when you're near.

CHORUS

Is it lonely ye are then without me?
 Only wait, and I'll come bye-and-bye,
 For, meself's just entirely as lonely,
 And, Darling, I give sigh for sigh.

Sure, the nightingale's notes are delightful,
 When he warbles, at night, in the wood,
 And if birds taught us colleen's love's language,
 He's the sweet little Birdie that could,
 But it wasn't from him I learnt singing,
 Not from nightingale, no, nor from dove;
 'Tis my heart in my voice makes the music,
 When I see the dear Boy that I love.

Is it lonely ye are then, &c.

Then, my Darling, oh! speak not of sorrow,
 To her heart's core your Norah is true,
 She knows, Dennis dear, that you love her,
 And, Dennis, you know she loves you.
 And would ye then wait till to-morrow?
 While the moon shines in heaven so bright,
 And the lane and the kiss so convenient,
 Won't I meet you, my Darling, to-night!

And would ye then wait till to-morrow?
 While the moon shines in heaven so bright,
 And the lane and the kiss so convenient,
 Won't I meet you, my Darling, to-night!

PARODY ON NORAH O'NEAL.

OR TRYING TO RAISE A SQUARE MEAL.

Air :—"Norah O'Neal."

I'm thirsty to-night, Jim, without you,
 And I sigh for a *swig* of old rye;
 For, I know there are stamps, Jim, about you,
 Whenever I'm hungry or dry.
 Like a glass on the bar, when 'tis smiling,
 Is the thirst that I cannot conceal;
 But I'm *busted*, and can't be beguiling,
 Though I'm trying to raise a *square meal*.

CHORUS.

Then, Jimmy, you never must *beat* me,
 I have no more stamps to conceal;
 Oh! I'm lonely for some one to treat me,
 And trying to raise a *square meal*!

Oh! the lager flows free in Hoboken,
 As if every glass that was drew,
 Informed me that *excise* was broken,
 And reminds me of Bourbon and you,
 But I've drank, Jim, so often without you,
 And you don't know how jolly I reel;
 But I'm thirsty to-night, Jim, without you,
 And trying to raise a *square meal*!

Then, Jimmy, you never, &c.

Oh! why should I *beat* or go borrow?
 Why should I let pluck lose its place?
 Won't you treat me, dear Jimmy, to-morrow,
 As I smile on your rum-beaten face?
 Won't you treat me? oh! say, won't you treat me,
 With some sugar and gin, at the lane?
 And I'll promise, whenever you treat me,
 That I never will *beat* you again.

Then, Jimmy, you never, &c.

KISS ME MOTHER, KISS YOUR DARLING.

Words by LETTA C. LORD.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

Kiss me, Mother, kiss your darling,
 Lean my head upon your breast,
 Fold your loving arms around me,
 I am weary, let me rest.
 Scenes of life are swiftly fading,
 Brighter seems the other shore:
 I am standing by the river,
 Angels wait to waft me o'er.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, Mother, kiss your darling,
 Lean my head upon your breast,
 Fold your loving arms around me,
 I am weary, let me rest.

Kiss me, Mother, kiss your darling,
 Breathe a blessing on my brow—
 For, I'll soon be with the Angels,
 Fainter grows my breath e'en now—
 Tell the loved ones not to murmur—
 Say I died our Flag to save,
 And that I shall slumber sweetly
 In the soldier's honored grave.

Kiss me, Mother, &c.

Oh! how dark this world is growing,
 Hark! I hear the Angel Band,
 How I long to join their number
 In that fair and happy land!
 Hear you not that Heavenly music,
 Floating near so soft and low?
 I must leave you, farewell Mother!
 Kiss me once before I go.

Kiss me, Mother, &c.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
 Like an old coat that is tattered and torn,
 Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn—
 Betrayed by a maid in her teens.
 The girl that I loved, she was handsome—
 I tried all I knew her to please;
 But I could not please her one quarter so well
 Like that man upon the Trapeze.

CHORUS.

He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
 A daring young man on the flying Trapeze—
 His movements were graceful: all girls he could please,
 And my love he purloined away.

This young man by name was Signor Bona Slang;
 Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang;
 Where'er he appeared, the Hall loudly rang—
 With ovation from all people there.
 He'd smile from the bar on the people below;
 And, one night, he smiled on my love,
 She winked back at him, and he shouted: Bravo!
 As he hung by his nose up above. [CHORUS.]

Her father and mother were both on my side,
 And very hard tried to make her my own bride.
 Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,
 To see her throw herself away.
 'Twas all no avail: she went there every night,
 And would throw him bouquets on the stage,
 Which caused him to meet her: how he ran me down,
 To tell you would take a whole page. [CHORUS.]

One night, I, as usual, went to her dear home,
 Found there her mother and father alone;
 I asked for my love: and soon they made known,
 To my horror, that she'd run away!
 She'd packed up her box and eloped, in the night,
 With him, with the greatest of ease:
 From two stories high, he had lowered her down,
 To the ground on his flying Trapeze! [CHORUS.]

Some months after this, I went to a Hall,
 Was greatly surprised to see, on the wall,
 A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall,
 That she was appearing with him!

MARY OF ARGYLE

He taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live at his ease,
And made her assume a masculine name!
And now she goes on the Trapeze!

CHORUS.

She floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
You'd think her a man on the flying Trapeze.
She does all the work, while he takes his ease,
And that's what's become of my love!



MARY OF ARGYLE

I have heard the mavis singing,
His love-song to the morn,
I have seen the dew-drops clinging,
To the rose just newly-born;
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
I have seen an eye still brighter,
Than the dew-drops on the rose,
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless, winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,
Tho' thy step may lose its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue,
Still to me shalt thou be dearer,
Than all the world can own.
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone.
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine forever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

THE MABEL WALTZ.

As Sung by TONY PASTOR.

I once did know a pretty girl,
 She dressed so very neat;
 She used to run a sewing-machine,
 Down in Chatham Street.
 Her eyes were bright, complexion light,
 Her cheeks were like the rose;
 She'd a dimpled chin, and pouting lips,
 And a beautiful turn-up nose.
 I never can forget the night
 I met her at a ball:
 'Twas a fancy hop, a dollar a head,
 Up at Irving Hall.

CHORUS.

She looked so neat, I never thought she ever would prove false;
 Her step was light as the bounding fawn, dancing the Mabel
 Waltz.

I often met her after that,
 Of tender things we talked;
 And, every Sunday out of two,
 I'd take her out to walk.
 I bought her lots of diamonds,
 At a-dollar-jewelry store,
 And also bought her a new silk-dress,
 Which every day she wore.
 In buying presents for that girl,
 I all my money spent,
 Until I found myself dead broke,
 And I hadn't got a cent.

[CHORUS.

And, then, I thought 'twas getting time
 The question for to pop.
 I went one day dressed in my best,
 Straight down to the shop:
 She didn't come; I asked the cause,
 And learned from one Miss Brown
 My charmer had, that very day,
 Just gone out of town.
 Judge my feelings when Miss Brown
 These cruel words let slip:
 It's my opinion she's gone off
 Upon her wedding trip.

[CHORUS.

"WALKING DOWN BROADWAY."

And when a year had passed away,
 At a window I did see
 My fair, but false one, sitting
 With a baby on her knee.
 I quickly marched into the house,
 And, there, what met my view!
 'Twas a tall Policeman, six feet high,
 He was her husband, too!
 He collared me, and then commenced
 A series of assaults,
 I never chassee'd it so fast before,
 While dancing the Mabel Waltz. [CHORUS.

"WALKING DOWN BROADWAY."

Sung by the GREAT LINGARD.

The sweetest thing in life
 And no one dare say nay,
 On a Saturday afternoon,
 Is walking down Broadway.
 My sisters, thro' the Park
 And at Long Branch wish to stay,
 But I prefer to walk
 Down the festive, gay Broadway.

Walking down Broadway—walking down Broadway—
 The O. K. thing on Saturday is walking down Broadway.
 Walking down Broadway—the festive, gay Broadway;
 The O. K. thing on Saturday, is walking down Broadway.

Last Wednesday afternoon
 My cousin Will did say,
 "Nellie, come along with me,
 I'll take you down Broadway,
 To the Theatre Comique,
 To see Captain Jinks so gay;
 Then we'll dine at Delmonico's,
 Fore returning down Broadway."

DIALOGUE.—And I must say ladies and gentlemen, with all
 due deference to other pleasures in life, there's nothing so
 charming as—

Walking down Broadway, &c.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Sung by T. H. Glenny, at Niblo's Theatre, in the Great Sensation-Play of
"Arrah-na-Pogue."

O Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid, by law, to grow on Irish ground!
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color last be seen;
For, there's a bloody law agin the Wearing of the Green!

Oh! I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he says: How is Ould Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's the most distressed Country that ever I have seen:
For, they are hanging men and women for the Wearing of the
Green!

And since the color we must wear, is England's cruel red,
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have
have shed.

Then take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod:
It will take root and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as
they grow.

And when the leaves, in summer time, their verdure does not
show.

Then, I will change the color I wear in my cabbeen:

But, till that day, plaze God! I'll stick to the Wearing of the
Green!

But if at last, her colors should be torn from Ireland's heart
Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old soil will
part;

I've heard whispers of a Country that lies far beyond the say.
Where rich and poor stand equal, in the light of Freedom's
day!

O Erin! must we lave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a Mother's blessing in a strange but happy land,
Where the cruel Cross of England's thralldom never shall be seen
And where thank God! we'll live and die, still Wearing of the
Green?

THE WHISTLING THIEF.

When Pat came o'er the hills his colleen fair to see,
His whistle, loud and shrill, his signal was to be.
Oh! Mary, the mother cried, there's some one whistling sure.
Oh! Mother, yon know, it's the wind that's whistling through
the door.

(Whistles: Garry Owen.)

I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world, my dear,
But the wind to whistle like that, I never yet did hear.
But, mother, you know, the fiddle hangs close behind the chink,
And the wind upon the strings is playing a tune, I think.

(Dog barks.)

The dog is barking now, and the fiddle can't play that tune.
But, Mother, you know that dogs will bark, when they see the
moon.
Now, how can he see the moon, when you know he's old and
blind?
Blind dogs can't see the moon, nor fiddles be played by the
wind.

(Pig grunts.)

And now there is the pig uneasy in his mind.
But, Mother, you know, they say that pigs can see the wind.
That's all very well in the day, but then I may remark
That pigs, no more than we, can see anything in the dark.

Now, I'm not such a fool as you think, I know very well it is
Pat,
Get out! yon whistling thief, and get along home ont o' that.
And yon, be off to your bed, and don't bother me with your
tears;
For, tho' I've lost my eyes, I have not lost my ears.

MORAL.

Now, Boys, too near the house don't courting go, d'ye mind?
Unless you're certain sure the old woman's both deaf and blind;
The days when they were young, forget they never can;
They're sure to tell the difference 'twixt wind, fiddle, pig, dog,
or man.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

Words by FLORENCE PERCY.

Music by ERNEST LESLIE.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight !
 Make me a child again, just for to-night !
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart, as of yore.
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
 Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep !

CHORUS.

Clasped to your heart, in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
 Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep !

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
 No love, like mother-love, ever has shone ;
 No other worship abides and endures,
 Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours.
 None, like a mother, can charm away pain
 From the sick soul and the world-weary brain ;
 Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep,
 Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep !

Clasped to your heart, &c.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again, as of old ;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
 For, with its sunny-edged shadows, once more,
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep,
 Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep !

Clasped to your heart, &c.

X COME HOME, FATHER.

Words and Music by HENRY CLAY WORK.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
 The clock in the steeple strikes one;
 You said you were coming right home from the shop,
 As soon as your day's work was done.
 Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
 And mother's been watching since tea,
 With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
 And no one to help her but me.
 Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
 Which the night-winds repeat, as they roam?
 Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers:
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
 The clock in the steeple strikes two;
 The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse;
 But he has been calling for you:
 Indeed he is worse, ma says he will die—
 Perhaps before morning shall dawn
 And this is the message she sent me to bring:
 Come quickly, or he will be gone!
 Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Hear the sweet voice, &c.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
 The clock in the steeple strikes three;
 The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
 For poor weeping mother and me!
 Yes, we are alone; for Benny is dead,
 And gone with the angels of light.
 And these were the very last words that he said:
 I want to kiss papa good-night.
 Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Hear the sweet voice, &c.

PARODY ON COME HOME, FATHER.

O Father, dear Father, come with me now ;
 The clock in the steeple is fast,
 And Uncle is wild with the liquor he drank,
 And the crockery he is going to smash.
 The fire is out, the house is all dark,
 And we aint got no money for tea,
 And big brother Benny is out on a lark,
 And no one is sober but me.
 Come home, come home, come home !
 Please, Father, dear Father, come home !

O Father, dear Father, come with me now ;
 The clock in the steeple is slow :
 A half hour I've been calling for you to come home,
 But I find that it is no go.
 Your friend is here, drunk on the floor ;
 He has pawned his best clothes for whiskey ;
 If you don't come home, they'll all kill themselves :
 For they are all drunk, except me.
 Come home, come home, come home !
 Please, Father, dear Father, come home !

O Father, dear Father, come with me now,
 The clock in the steeple is stop't ;
 The boarder is home, here, drunk on the floor,
 And don't know what he is about ;
 Benny is here dead-drunk—Honor bright—
 The truth I'm telling you now :
 And these were the very words that he said :
 We'll go on a good drunk to-night !
 Come home, come home, come home !
 Please, Father, dear Father, come home !

FATHER'S COME HOME,

A sequel to: "Come Home, Father."

Yes, Mary, my Mary, your father's come home,
 You waited through all the long night,
 He was deaf to your pleadings, for, reason was drowned.
 But, oh! it came back with the light.
 It seems like a dream, oh! a terrible dream—
 But, alas! now I know it was true:
 Poor Benny is dead, but your father's come home,
 Dear Mary, to mother and you.

CHORUS.

Oh! no more, through the dark, weary hours,
 Little Mary in sadness shall roam,
 Ah! how glad to her ears are the words which she hears:
 Dear Mary, your father's come home!

Please, Mary, tell mother that father's come home,
 And kneels by our little boy's bed;
 And he prays for God's help, that the husband may fill
 The place of the boy that is dead;
 And say, though he left her forsaken to weep,
 All alone to bear sorrow and pain,
 He'll never more cause her a pang or a tear,
 If once more she will trust him again.

CHORUS.

Oh! no more shall the wife watch and weep,
 All in vain for the loved one to come;
 And all gone are her fears, as the message she hears:
 Tell mother that father's come home.

Yes, Mary, tell mother that father has left
 The drink that has made him so bad;
 You can say he has taken the Temperance-Pledge,
 I know it will make her heart glad;
 And tell her he waits to clasp mother and child,
 And vow, on his knees, to be true;
 For father's come home, to his reason, at length,
 Dear Mary, to mother and you!

CHORUS.

Oh! no more, to the mother and child,
 Shall the night black and desolate come—
 For, the fire shall be bright, and their hearts shall be light,
 While saying: Dear Father's come home!

DEAR FATHER

COME DOWN WITH THE STAMPS.

Oh! Father, dear Father, come down with the stamps,
 My dressmaker's bill is unpaid;
 She said she would send it right home from the shop,
 As soon as the flounces were made.
 Come down, come down, come down!
 Please, Father, dear Father, come down!

CHORUS.

Oh! hear the sweet voice of thy child,
 Who cries in her room all alone;
 Oh! who could resist her most pitiful tears?
 So, Father, with stamps quick come down!

My new dress from Stewart's is down in the hall,
 The boy will not leave without pay;
 I've nothing to sport with, can't go to the ball:
 So, please send the shop-boy away.
 Come down, come down, come down!
 Please, Father, dear Father, come down!
 Oh! hear the sweet voice, &c.

Oh! Father, dear Father, come down with the stamps,
 My curls are not fit to be seen;
 The hair-dresser said he would not do them up,
 Unless I could pay him fifteen.
 Come down, come down, come down!
 Please, Father, for Barker come down!
 Oh! hear the sweet voice, &c.

He only asks twenty to give a new set,
 And takes the old hair in exchange;
 Besides, Pa, my water-fall's awfully rough:
 And so my back hair will look strange.
 Come down, come down, come down!
 Please, Father, for Barker come down!
 Oh! hear the sweet voice, &c.

SWINGING IN THE LANE.

Words and Music by CHARLES CARROL SAWYER.

How oft we talked of childhood's joys,
Of tricks we used to play
Upon each other, while at school
To pass the time away!
But, oh! how often have I longed
For those bright days again,
When little rosy Nell and I
Went swinging in the lane!

CHORUS.

But yet I'd give the world to be
With rosy Nell again,
I never, never will forget
Our swinging in the lane!

The boys and girls would often go
A-fishing in the brooks,
With spools of thread for fishing-lines,
And bended pins for hooks;
They, sometimes, wished me with them, but
They, always, wished in vain;
I'd rather be with rosy Nell,
A-swinging in the lane.

But yet I'd, &c.

But soon a cloud of sorrow came—
A strange young man, from town,
Was introduced to rosy Nell
By Aunt Jemima Brown.
She stayed away from school next day—
The truth to me was plain—
She'd gone with that there city chap,
A-swinging in the lane!

But yet I'd, &c.

Now all young men with tender hearts,
Pray take advice from me:
Don't be so quick to fall in love
With every girl you see;
For, if you do, you soon will find
You've only loved in vain;
She'll go off with some other chap,
A-swinging in the lane!

But yet I'd, &c.

SLIDING ON THE CELLAR DOOR.

A PARODY ON "SWINGING IN THE LANE."

How oft we talk of childhood's joys,
 Of tricks we used to play,
 Playing "hooky" from the school
 To sport the live-long day;
 And oh! how often do I sigh,
 For those bright days of yore—
 When Billy Brown and I did slide,
 Down on the cellar door.

CHORUS.

Yes, I would give all my greenbacks,
 To see those days once more;
 When Billy Brown and I slid down—
 Old Grimes' cellar door.

Some boys would stealing apples go,
 While others used to stray,
 Down on the dock where sugar casks
 In rows together lay;
 But Bill and I would seek the spot,
 So dear to us in yore;
 And side by side, together slide,
 Down the old cellar door.

Yes, I would, &c.

But at last a change came o'er the scene,
 When poor old Grimes he died—
 His son removed the cellar door
 On which we used to slide;
 Our mothers they were proud of it,
 For the pantaloons we tore—
 They had to be half soled and healed,
 From sliding on the door.

Yes, I would, &c.

But since I arrived to manhood's age,
 The only sport for me,
 Or my ancient friend Billy Brown,
 Is to go upon a spree;
 Yet we never do enjoy ourselves,
 As in the days of yore,
 When careless laughing urchins we—
 Slid down the cellar door.

Yes, I would, &c.

WE PARTED BY THE RIVER-SIDE.

We parted by the river-side;
 The moon looked down on you and me,
 The stars put on a look of pride,
 The river murmured to the sea:
 The dew-drops kissed the blushing rose,
 The gentle winds did sigh;
 One word broke nature's sweet repose;
 The sad word was: Good-bye!

CHORUS.

Oh! tell me that you love me yet,
 For, oh! the parting gives me pain,
 Say, tell me that you'll not forget,
 For, we may never meet again!

We parted by the river-side:
 A tear-drop trembled on your cheek,
 In vain to tell my love I tried,
 My heart was sad, I could not speak.
 I promised that I would be true
 So long as I would live;
 The parting kiss I gave to you,
 Was all I had to give.

Oh! tell me, &c.

We parted by the river-side:
 And I have roamed a distant clime,
 My heart has not forgot its pride;
 For, I have loved you all the time.
 And I am faithful to you still,
 While I believe you true;
 Afar or near, let come what will,
 I'll love you, you, only you.

Oh! tell me, &c.

THE BIG SUN-FLOWER.

There is a charm I can't explain
 About a girl I've seen,
 And my heart beats fast when she goes past
 In a dark dress trimmed with green.
 Her eyes are bright as evening stars,
 So lovely and so shy,
 And the folks all stop and look around
 Whenever she goes by.

CHORUS.

And I feel just as happy as a big Sun-flower
 That nods and bends in the breezes,
 And my heart is as light as the wind that blows
 Tho leaves from off the trees.

As time passed on and we became
 Like friends of olden time,
 I thought the question I would pop
 And ask her to be mine.
 But the answer I received next day,
 How could she treat me so,
 For instead of being mine for life,
 She simply answered No!

And I feel, &c.

I called next day dressed in my best,
 My fair one for to see,
 And asked her if she would explain
 Why she had jilted me.
 She said she really felt quite sad,
 To cause me such distress,
 And when I said, now do be mine,
 Why of course she answered, yes.

And I feel, &c.

THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

Trust him not, O Gentle Lady,
 Though his voice be low and sweet,
 Heed not him who kneels before thee,
 Softly pleading at thy feet.
 Now thy life is in its morning :
 Cloud not this thy happy lot.
 Listen to the Gipsy's warning,
 Gentle Lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
 Young and pure, and like thee fair :
 Yet, he wooed, he wooed, and own her,
 Thrilled her gentle heart with care.
 Then he heeded not her weeping,
 He cared not her life to save !
 Soon she perished—now she's sleeping
 In the cold and silent grave !

Lady, turn not from me so coldly ;
 For, I have only told the truth,
 From a stern and withering sorrow,
 Lady I would shield thy youth.
 I would shield thee from all danger,
 Shield thee from the Tempter's snare ;
 Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger,
 I have warned thee—now beware.

Take your gold, I do not want it,
 Lady, I have prayed for this,
 For the hour that I might foil him,
 And rob him of expected bliss.
 Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder
 At my look so fierce and wild,
 Lady in the church-yard yonder,
 Sleeps the Gipsy's only child.

DO NOT HEED HER WARNING.

ANSWER TO THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

Lady, do not heed her warning,
 Trust me, thou shalt find me true;
 Constant as the light of morning
 I will ever be to you.
 Lady, I will not deceive thee,
 Fill thy guileless heart with woe;
 Trust me, lady, and believe me,
 Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
 Pleasures all would wither fast,
 If no heart could love and cherish,
 In this world of storm and blast;
 E'en the stars that gleam above thee,
 Shine the brightest in the night;
 So would he who fondly loves thee,
 In the darkness, be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
 Where the dark-green willow weeps,
 Where the leafy branches quiver,
 There a gentle maiden sleeps:
 In the morn, a lonely stranger
 Comes and lingers many hours,
 Lady, he's no heartless ranger,
 For, he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning,
 Lay thy soft white hand in mine:
 For, I seek no fairer laurel
 Than the constant love of thine.
 When the silver moonlight brightens,
 Thou shalt slumber on my breast,
 Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
 Lull thy spirit into rest.

ENOCH ARDEN.

Cheer up, Annie darling, with hopeful emotion,
 To-morrow our parting must be ;
 I'll sail the seas over, I'll cross the wide ocean,
 I'll sail the seas over for thee ;
 I'll not forget thee, oh ! never, no never !
 I cannot forget thee, I know :
 Thy smile, like a phantom, will haunt me forever
 And cheer me where'er I may go.

CHORUS.

Good-by, Annie, darling !
 I'll sail o'er the sea,
 I'll cross the wide ocean,
 I'll cross the wide ocean for thee.

I go, Annie darling, but leave thee in sorrow ;
 I go for thy sake far away,
 Then bid me good-bye, with a smile on the morrow,
 And cheer me with blessings I pray.
 I'll think of thee ever, and pray for thee,
 As over the waters I roam ;
 I'll tarry not darling, and leave thee all lonely,
 But hasten again to my home.

Good-bye, Annie, darling, &c.

Out, out on the ocean, away o'er the billow,
 My heart on its purpose intent,
 My brow shall find rest, when I seek my lone pillow,
 In knowing that thou art content.
 Cheer up, Annie, darling, break off from thy sorrow :
 'Tis sad that our parting must be :
 But give me thy smile, when I leave thee, to-morrow,
 To sail the seas over for thee.

Good-bye, Annie, darling, &c.

THE POOR OLD SLAVE.

'Tis just one year ago to-day,
 That I remember well,
 I sat down by poor Nelly's side
 A story she did tell;
 'Twas about a poor unhappy slave
 That lived for many a year,
 But now he's dead and in his grave,
 No master does he fear.

CHORUS.

The poor old slave has gone to rest,
 We know that he is free,
 Disturb him not, but let him rest
 Way down in Tennessee.

She took my arm, we walked along
 Into an open field,
 And she paused to breathe awhile,
 Then to his grave did steal.
 She sat down by that little mound,
 And softly whispered there,
 Come to me, father, 'tis thy child,
 Then gently dropped a tear.

The poor old slave, &c.

But since that time how things have changed,
 Poor Nelly that was my bride,
 Is laid beneath the cold grave sod,
 With her father by her side.
 I planted there upon her grave,
 The weeping willow tree,
 I bathed its roots with many a tear
 That it might shelter me.

The poor old slave, &c.

THE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME.

In sad despair I wander,
 My heart is filled with woe,
 When on my griefs I ponder,
 What to do? I do not know.
 For, cruel fate does on me frown,
 And the trouble seems to be:
 There's another fellow, in this 'ere town,
 That's just the image of me.

CHORUS.

Oh! wouldn't I like to catch him,
 Whoever he may be!
 Oh! wouldn't I give him particular fits,
 That fellow who looks like me!

With a lady fair I started,
 To the Central Park to go,
 But was stopped, in the street, by a man
 Who said: Pay this bill you owe.
 In vain I said: I know you not,
 He wouldn't let me free,
 Till a crowd came 'round, and the bill I paid,
 For the fellow that looks like me.

Oh! wouldn't I like, &c.

The other day, while walking
 Through a narrow street, up town,
 I was seized by a man, in a rage,
 Who said: I've caught you, Mr. Brown;
 You know my daughter you have wronged.
 Though his gal I never did see,
 He beat me, till I was black and blue,
 For the fellow that looks like me.

Oh! wouldn't I like, &c.

One evening, I sat sparking
 A girl as dear as life,
 When a lady, who had just dropped in,
 Says: Brown, how is your wife?
 In vain I said: I'm a single man,
 Though married I wish to be.
 They called me a swindler, and kicked me out,
 For the fellow that looks like me.

Oh! wouldn't I like, &c.

Unto a ball, one night, I went,
 And was just enjoying the sport,

'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND,

When a Policeman grabbed me by the arm,
Saying: You're wanted down at Court,
You've escaped us twice; but this 'ere time,
I'll take care you shan't get free,
So, I was arrested, dragged to jail,
For the fellow that looks like me.

Oh! wouldn't I like, &c.

I was tried next day, found guilty, too,
And about to be taken down,
When another Policeman then brought in
The right Criminal—Mr. Brown.
They set me free, and locked up him,
Oh! he was a sight to see,
The ugliest wretch that ever I saw,
Was the fellow that looked like me.

Oh! wouldn't I like, &c.

'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND.

WHERE THE HEART CAN NEVER BE.

Tho' I mingle in the throng, of tho happy and the gay,
From the mirth of dance and song, I would fain be far away;
For I love to use no wile, and I can but deem it sin,
That the brow would wear a smile, when the soul is sad within.
Tho' a parent's stern command claims obedience from me,
Oh, 'tis hard to give the hand, where the heart can never be.

'Tis hard to give, &c.

I have sighed and suffered long, yet have never told my grief,
In the hope that for my wrong, time itself will find relief,
I will own no rebel thought, and I will not wear the chain,
That for me must still be fraught, with but misery and pain.
In all else I will be bland, but in this I must be free,
And will not give the hand, where the heart can never be.

And will not give, &c.

THE YALLER GAL THAT WINKED AT ME.

Music by M. A. HERNANDEZ.

Your attention I ask for a while,
 To a song I'm going to sing you,
 It's about a pretty yaller gal I met while I was walking,
 And she threw such a glance at me—
 She was pretty and as sweet as a flower,
 Such clothes you never did see—
 She'd a darling little bonnet with a flower-garden on it,
 Had the yaller gal that winked at me.

CHORUS.

Oh my! she looked so sweet and she dressed so neat,
 With her tilting-hoops and pretty little feet,
 As she went skipping along.
 Pretty little yaller gal I met while I was walking,
 As she skipped across the gutter, my heart went in a flutter,
 For the yaller gal that winked at me.

I immediately asked her name,
 And she said it was Lucinda
 She said I was a stunner, and for life that I had won her,
 And married we should be.
 So, I'd dress up, and I'd walk by her house,
 Every afternoon, about three,
 And I'd glance up at the window for to see my dear Lucinda,
 She's the yaller gal that winked at me.

Oh my! she looked, &c.

Oh! you should have seen her, on her wedding day—
 She was handsome as a Venus—
 When the Parson made us one, ah then! the thing was done,
 And I never felt so happy in my life.
 So, I've bought a little place out of town—
 If you go by, stop in and see—
 You'll be welcomed by a wife that's as dear to me as life,
 She's the yaller gal that winked at me.

Oh my! she looked, &c.

PAT MALLOY.

At sixteen years of age, I was my mother's fair-haired boy,
 She kept a little huxter shop, her name it was Malloy,
 I've fourteen children, Pat, says she, which heaven to me has
 sent;

Bnt childer aint like pigs, yon know—they can't pay the rent!
 She gave me every shilling there was in the till,
 And kissed me fifty times or more, as if she'd never get her fill,
 Oh! Heav'n bless yon! Pat, says she, and don't forget, my boy,
 That—Ould Ireland is your country, and your name is Pat
 Malloy!

Oh! England is a purty place—of goold there is no lack—
 I trudged from York to London wid me scythe npon me back.
 The English girls are beantiful, their loves I don't decline,
 The eating and the drinking, too, is beantiful and fine;
 But in a corner of me heart, which nobody can see,
 Two eyes of Irish blne are always peeping out at me!
 O Molly darlin', never fear—I'm still your own dear boy—
 Ould Ireland is me Country, and me name is Pat Malloy.

From Ireland to America, across the seas I roam—
 And every shilling that I got, ah! sure I sent it home.
 Me mother couldn't write, bnt, oh! there came from Father
 Boyce—

Oh! Heaven bless you! Pat, says she—I hear me mother's
 voice!

Bnt, now, I'm going home again, as poor as I began,
 To make a happy girl of Moll, and sure I think I can—
 Me pockets they are empty, but me heart is filled wid joy;
 For, Ould Ireland is me Country, and me name is Pat Malloy.

RETURN OF PAT MALLOY.

When landed safe in Dublin-town, I met a castle-hack—
 The boots upon my feet he eyed, and the clothes upon my back.
 He says: You're from America, look so neat and trim;
 Just let me see your letters, Sir. I handed oue to him.
 He says: It's from O'Mahony. And says I; you funny elf,
 t's a letter for my own sweet Moll I'm taking home myself.
 He says: You are a Fenian. Says I, You're right, old boy;
 For, Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Molloy.

He had me then examined, and he says: My nice young man,
 What brought you home to Ireland? Was it the Fenian plan?
 The ship it brought me home, says I, and Fenians all agree
 That from sweet Athlone to Blarney-Stoue Ould Ireland shall
 be free;

But was it not for Molly's eyes that's sticking in my heart,
 An me mother an the childer, too, oh, sure they had their part!
 I'll take them to America, and then look out, my boy,
 For, Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Molloy,

But when I met my Molly dear, she kissed me o'er and o'er;
 She could not laugh for crying, as I gave her goold galore.
 It's your own, my dearest Molly, for, I knew you would prove
 true;

Every pound I sent my mother, I put by two for you;
 And now you have the shiners, Moll, and will you take myself?
 She blushed and whispered: Yes, dear Pat, I'm yours, but not
 for pelf.

We got my mother's blessing, and it filled my heart with joy,
 For Ould Ireland is my country and my name is Pat Malloy.

Early the next morning, sure, we went to Father Boyce,
 That rib, says he, wid a wink at me, it is a purty choice.
 And mighty strong it is, says I, my heart, sure, knows it best.
 Three years or more, with thumps galore, she made it thrash
 my breast;

These eyes are mighty killing, sir; but now they are my own,
 For four long years when far from home, they made me cry:
 och, houe?

And now I ask your blessing, sir, for to complete my joy,
 For, Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Malloy.

Now my mother's in her rocking-chair, her childer pay the
 rint,
 n New-York, relieved from work, each happy hour is spent;

I've seen a bit of gaiety throughout my short career,
 I, once, was foolish with my tin, but I've paid most dear,
 If folks would seek to take me in, they find it is no go;
 I'm up to almost every thing: You can't get over Joe.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear, no! not for Joe—if he knows it—not for Joseph.
 Oh! no, no! not for Joe—not for Joseph—oh! dear, no!

The other day, I met a friend, we passed the time of day,
 And chatted gaily down Broadway: but ere I went away,
 I kindly asked the learned swell to take a parting drain,
 Oh! yes, said he, I think I will: then let it be champagne.

Spoken.—No, you don't, my dear fellow, you don't get
 champagne out of Joseph.

Oh! dear, no, not! &c.

Some time ago, a friend of mine, he asked me out to dine,
 And there he introduced me to one he called divine:
 He said she'd make a charming wife, and had such lots of tin:
 A widow only forty-two: go in, my boy, and win.

Spoken.—Matrimony and lots of money, and a widow only
 forty-two—well, the money is very good, but then—the widow.

Oh! dear, no, not! &c.

Of late, in town, there was a fuss about the Japs so grand:
 And, also, of the Russians who visited our land,
 And the country-companies we greeted with hearty cheers,
 We know they have been received well by the New York
 Volunteers.

Spoken.—What a glorious thing it is to fight and die for
 your country! What can be more glorious than a bullet in
 your eye? What can be more painful than a bullet in the
 eye? Nothing I should think—

Oh! dear, no, not! &c.

And now, perhaps, I've sung my song, you might be in the
 ene,
 To show you kind acknowledgement, but that with me won't
 do,

As for to-night I've done my best, and that you ought to know:
 So, if you want a song again, don't try it on with Joe!

Oh! dear, no, not! &c.

KITTY WELLS.

You ask what makes this darkie weep,
 Why he like others am not gay,
 What causes the tear to flow down his cheek,
 From early morn till close of day.
 My story, darkies, yon shall hear,
 For in my memory fresh it dwells,
 It will cause you all to drop a tear
 On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

CHORUS.

While the birds were singing in the morning,
 And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
 And the sun on the hill was a dawning,
 It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day,
 That we together roamed the dells,
 I kissed her cheek, and named the day
 That I should marry Kitty Wells.
 But death came in my cabin door,
 And took from me my joy and pride,
 And when I found she was no more,
 I laid my banjo down and cried.

While the birds, &c.

I often wish that I was dead,
 And laid beside her in the tomb.
 The sorrow that bows down my head
 Is silent in the midnight gloom.
 The spring time has no charm for me,
 Though flowers are blooming in the dells,
 For that bright form I do not see,
 'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

While the birds, &c.

THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW

I MET ON THE TRAIN.

Whilst in New-Jersey, a letter was sent to me
 From Boston, which bid me quickly repair
 To an uncle; it stated: fast he was dying,
 The wish had expressed to make me his heir.
 So, hurriedly packing a few things together,
 Wishing that Boston quickly might gain,
 By a first-class express went; in the same carriage,
 A charming young widow I met on the train.

An infant she had, so fondly caressing;
 I ventured to ask, if that was her own?
 She answered in words appearing distressing—
 Yes; and its Papa is dead and gone!
 When the question I asked, in my face looking—
 That look I shall ne'er be forgetting again!
 In fact, fast my heart to herself was hooking,
 Was the charming young widow I met on the train,

As the train it was stopping, the engine to water,
 She asked in a hurry—Would I be so kind
 Her infant to take it, the darling so quiet?
 Of course, I replied, I don't mind.
 To the refreshment room she went into
 The signal for starting I heard but in vain,
 Not a glimpse could I see of her; the train without started
 The charming young widow I met on the train.

Loud I was shouting, the train to be stopping,
 Out of the window putting my head;
 No answer receiving, the infant I took it,
 Discovered, O horror! it was dead!
 On its bosom was sewn a note—which on reading,
 Found I was taken in, done for, quite plain—
 It begged me bury the child for the sake of
 The charming young widow I met on the train.

It was strange to myself that I was remarking
 How quiet a child, not hearing a sound—
 The sweet little creature asleep was, she told me;
 Quite dead asleep—so, in truth I found.
 I took it, and buried the poor little creature,
 Its age or its name I could not explain;
 On a stone was inscribed—Underneath was bequeathed me
 By a charming young widow I met on the train.

LITTLE BARE-FOOT.

Words and Music by FRANK HOWARD.

Sung by Miss MAGGIE MITCHELL in the popular Drama of "Little Bare-Foot."

Who has not while traversing the crowded thoroughfares of our different cities, been saluted, by the subject of this song, with the well-known appeal of: Mister: Please give me a penny—for, I've not got any Pa—Please, Sir, give me just one penny, I want to buy some bread for Ma.

Standing where the bleak winds whistled
 Round her small and fragile form,
 Arms within torn garments nestled,
 Standing there at night and morn;
 Hundreds passing by unheeding,
 'Cept to jostle her aside.
 There, with bare feet cold and bleeding,
 She, in tones of anguish, cried:
 Mister: Please give me a penny,
 For, I've not got any Pa,
 Please, sir, give me just one penny,
 I want to buy some bread for Ma!

CHORUS.

While we beg for those with plenty,
 And for them to us unknown,
 We'll not forget our little "bare-foots,"
 They are HEATHENS nearer home.

Hailing thus each passing stranger,
 As they hurriedly went by,
 Some would turn and gaze upon her,
 Pity beaming from their eye;
 Others cast a frown upon her,
 Heeding not the plaintive cry:
 I must have some bread for Mother,
 Or with hunger she will die:
 Mister: Please give me a penny,
 For, I've not got any Pa,
 Please, sir, give me just one penny,
 I want to buy some bread for Ma!

While we beg, &c

There, one chilly day in Winter,
 BARE-FOOT sat upon the pave;
 Out-stretch'd were her little fingers,
 But no pennies did she crave.

DAISY DEANE.

There, while begging bread for Mother,
 Death had chilled her little heart.
 Yet, each day, we see some other
 Playing LITTLE BARE-FOOT's part :
 Mister ; Plea e give me a penny,
 For, I've not got any Pa,
 Please, sir, give me just one penny,
 I want to buy some bread for Ma !

While we beg, &c.

DAISY DEANE.

'Twas down in the meadows, the violets were blowing,
 And the Spring-time grass was fresh and green ;
 And the birds, by the brooklet, their sweet songs were singing,
 When I first met my darling Daisy Deane.

CHORUS.

None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart ;
 Oh ! thy memory is ever fresh and green ;
 Though the sweet buds may wither, and fond hearts be broken,
 Still I love thee, my darling Daisy Deane.

Her eyes soft and tender, the violets outvieing,
 And a fairer form was never seen ;
 With her brown silken tresses, her cheeks like the roses,
 There was none like my darling Daisy Deane.

None knew thee but, &c.

The bright flowers are faded, the young grass has fallen,
 And a dark cloud hovers o'er the scene ;
 For the death-angel took her, and left me in sorrow
 For my lost one, my darling Daisy Deane.

None knew thee but, &c.

Oh ! down in the meadows I still love to wander,
 Where the young grass grew so fresh and green :
 But the bright golden visions of Spring-time have faded,
 With the flowers, and my darling Daisy Deane.

None knew thee but, &c.

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE, NO. 1.

Words by GEORGE LETBOURNE.

Music by ALFRED LEE.

I've seen a deal of gaiety throughout my noisy life,
 With all my grand accomplishments, I ne'er could get a wife;
 The thing I most excel in, is the P. R. F. G. game,
 A noise all night, in bed all day, and swimming in Cham-
 pagne.

CHORUS.

For Champagne Charlie is my name,
 Champagne Charlie is my name,
 Good for any game at night, my boys,
 Good for any game at night, my boys,
 Champagne Charlie is my name,
 Champagne Charlie is my name,
 Good for any game at night, my boys,
 Who'll come and join me in a spree?

The way I gain'd my title, is by a hobby which I've got
 Of never letting others pay, however long the shot;
 Whoever drinks at my expense, are treated all the same,
 From Dukes and Lords, to cabmen down, I make them drink
 Champagne.

For, Champagne Charlie is my name, &c.

From coffee and from supper-room, from Poplar to Pall-Mall,
 The girls, on seeing me, exclaim: Oh! what a Champagne
 swell.

The notion 'tis of ev'ry one, if, it were not for my name,
 And causing so much to be drunk, they'd never make Cham-
 pagne.

For, Champagne Charlie is my name, &c.

Some Epicures like Burgundy, Hock, Claret and Moselle
 But Moët's vintage, only, satisfies this Champagne swell
 What matter if to bed I go, and head is muddled thick?
 A bottle, in the morning, sets me right then very quick.

For, Champagne Charlie is my name, &c.

Perhaps you fancy what I say is nothing else but chaff,
 And only done, like other songs, to merely raise a laugh,
 To prove that I am not in jest, each man a bottle of Cham,
 I'll stand fizz round—yes, that I will and stand it like a lamb.

For, Champagne Charlie is my name, &c.

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE.—NO. 2.

Some time ago, I had a beau, and Charlie was his name—
A smart young fellow, fond of show, who wished my hand to
claim;

But from my feet I spurned this swell, as I will now explain—
Although he loved me very well, he better loved champagne

CHORUS.

Champagne Charlie, was his name,
Champagne Charlie, was his name,
Always kicking up a frightful noise,
Always kicking up a frightful noise.
Champagne Charlie, was his name,
Champagne Charlie, was his name,
Kicking up a row, at night, boys,
Always ready for a spree.

One moment still he couldn't rest, he passed whole nights and
days.

In drinking Madame Clicquot's best, and smoking Henry Clays,
And then when home to bed he'd go, with wild disordered brain.
He'd lay it to his studies, though I know it was champagne.

Champagne Charlie was his name, &c.

He promised me, of times a score, that he the pledge would
take,

But acted just like many more, and soon his word did break.
Yes, if for one half-day complete, from drink he could abstain,
He'd go and *resolution* treat to his revered champagne.

Champagne Charlie was his name, &c.

He was an artist, in his way, drew herons, cranes and storks—
Yet for all that, he passed the day in simply drawing corks.
Though he had a *palette* for his *paints*, to use it he'd not deign,
Because he'd, like some other *saints*, a *palate* for champagne!

Champagne Charlie was his name, &c.

His cash did quickly disappear, which did not well suit me—
For, champagne's dear, had he drank beer, things different now
would be.

I might have been his slave for life, but now 'tis all in vain,
For, how can he require a wife, when *wedded* to champagne?

Champagne Charlie, was his name, &c.

ANNIE LISLE.

Down where the waving willows
 'Neath the sunbeams smile ;
 Shadowed o'er the murm'ring waters,
 Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle ;
 Pure as the forest lily,
 Never thought of guile
 Had its home within the bosom,
 Of loved Annie Lisle.

CHORUS.

Wave willows, murmur water,
 Golden sunbeam smile—
 Earthly music cannot waken,
 Lovely Annie Lisle.

Sweet came the hallowed chiming
 Of the Sabbath bell,
 Borne on the morning breezes,
 Down the woody dell ;
 On a bed of anguish—
 Lay dear Annie Lisle ;
 Changed were the lovely features,
 Gone the happy smile. [Wave willows, &c.

Toll bells of Sabbath morning,
 I shall never more,
 Hear your sweet and holy music,
 On this earthly shore.
 Forms clad in heav'nly beauty,
 Look on me and smile ;
 Waiting for the longing spirit,
 Of your Annie Lisle. [Wave willows, &c.

Raise me in your arms, dear mother,
 Let me once more look
 On the green and waving willows,
 And the flowing brook—
 Hark, those strains of angel music,
 From the choir above :
 Dearest Mother, I am going
 Truly : " God is love."

ve willows, &c.

PRETTY LITTLE SARAH OR \$7 A WEEK.

My heart is like a pumkin, swollen big with love
 For one of the fairest girls in creation;
 She is too good for me, though I am far above
 The drudgery and ill-paid of my station.
 Her father keeps a butcher-shop on the Harlem road;
 For this little virgin, of love I've got a load,
 I've spent a fortune on her; but of that I only speak—
 For, what a fortune I must have on seven dollars a week!

CHORUS.

Pretty little Sarah with the golden hair,
 Her beauty jealous maidens will be scorning:
 She ought to be an angel, and if only rich I were,
 I'd marry her so early in the morning.

The first time that I met her, 'twas in the pouring rain,
 I proffered her my arm and umbrella;
 She looked with a smile; I said I'd see her home:
 She thanked me with a voice so low and mellow.
 When we arrived at home, she said, she'd ask me in,
 But her parents they were poor. Said I, poverty's no sin.
 No doubt she thought me rich, but of course I didn't speak—
 For, I was doing my heavy on seven dollars a week.

Pretty little Sarah, &c.

She's got a little ankle, she's got a little foot,
 And pretty little fingers running taper;
 Her waist is round and small, her mouth is best of all,
 With ruby lips not twice as thick as paper;
 She's always dressed in silks, her notions they are high:
 Although her features small, her bearing's in the sky,
 When she belongs to me, of course, I never speak
 What lots of silks she'll get from me on seven dollars a week.

Pretty little Sarah, &c.

Her parents they are poor, but she's a milliner.
 And earns large wages in the city:
 Some she gives her mother for her keep and board,
 The rest she spends on clothes to make her pretty.
 She never saves a cent, though to me she says she will;
 To pay the expense of marriage is a sugar-coated pill;
 And should we have a family—but too soon I must not speak,
 A wife and fourteen children on seven dollars a week!

~ Pretty little Sarah, &c.

TIM FINIGAN'S WAKE.

Air.—"The French Mnsician."

Tim Finigan lived in Walker street,
 A gehtleman Irishman—mighty odd—
 He'd a beantiful brogue, so rich and sweet—
 And to rise in the world, he carried the hod,
 But, you see he'd a sort of a tippling way,
 With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,
 To help him through his work each day,
 He'd a drop of the creatur' every morn'.

CHORUS.

Whack, hurrah! blood and 'onnds! ye soul, ye,
 Welt the flure, ye're trotters shake
 Isn't it the truth I've tould ye?
 Lots of fun, at Finigau's wake!

One morning, Tim was rather full,
 His head felt heavy, which made him shake,
 He fell from the ladder, and broke his skull—
 So they carried him home, his corpse to wake.
 They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
 And laid him ont upon a bed,
 With fourteen candles round his feet,
 And a couple of dozen around his head.

Whack, hurrah! &c.

His friends assembled at the wake,
 Missus Finigan called out for the lunch.
 First, they lay in tay and cake;
 Then pipes and tobacky, and whiskey-punch
 Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry:
 Such a purty corpse did ever you see?
 Arrah! Tim avourneen, an' why did ye die?
 Och, none of your gab, sez Judy Magee.

Whack, hurrah! &c.

Then, Peggy O'Connor took up the joh:
 Arrah! Biddy, says she, you're wrong I'm sure.
 But Judy, then, gave her a belt on the gob,
 And left her sprawling on the flure,
 Each side in war did soon engage,
 'Twas woman to woman and man to man;
 Shillaleh-law was all the rage—
 An' a bloody ruction soon began.

Whack, hurrah!

THE WANDERING REFUGEE.

Micky Mulvaney raised his head,
 When a gallon of whiskey flew at him :
 It missed him—and, hopping on the bed
 The liquor scattered over Tim.
 Bedad ! he revives ! see how he raises !
 An' Timothy, jumping from the bed,
 Cries, while he lathered around, like blazes,
 Bad luck till yer souls ! d'ye think I'm dead !
 Whack, hurrah ! &c.

THE WANDERING REFUGEE.

Words and Music by WILL S. HAYS.

Farewell, Mother, home and friends !
 We may never meet again,
 Soon mid strangers I must roam,
 Oh ! the parting gives me pain,
 Tho' I wander far away,
 Lonely o'er life's stormy sea,
 Who will shed one gentle tear
 For a Wandering Refugee ?
 Who will shed a gentle tear
 For a wand'ring Refugee ?

CHORUS.

Mother, oh ! farewell !
 I must go, I'll think of thee :
 Oh ! Mother, I must leave thee now,
 I'm a Wand'ring Refugee !

Farewell, sunny Southern home !
 Home I always loved so true,
 Oft will tear-drops dim mine eyes,
 When my mem'ry flies to you !
 But the happy scenes of yore,
 I, alas ! will never see.
 I'll be roaming far away,
 A lonely Wand'ring Refugee :
 I'll be roaming far away,
 A lonely Wand'ring Refugee !

Mother, oh ! farewell !

COTTAGE BY THE SEA

Childhood's days now pass before me,
 Forms and scenes of long ago;
 Like a dream they hover o'er me,
 Calm and bright as evening's glow;
 Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
 When my young heart, pure and free,
 Joyful hailed each coming morrow,
 In the cottage by the sea.

CHORUS.

In the cottage by the sea,
 In the cottage by the sea,
 Joyful hailed each coming morrow,
 In the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rose-trees twining
 Round the old and rustic door,
 And, below, the white beach shining,
 Where I gathered shells, of yore;—
 Hears my Mother's gentle warning,
 As she took me on her knee;
 And I feel again life's morning,
 In the cottage by the sea.

In the cottage, &c

What though years have rolled above me,
 Though 'mid fairer scenes I roam,
 Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,
 Childhood's dear and happy home!
 And when life's long day is closing,
 Oh! how pleasant would it be,
 On some faithful breast reposing,
 In the cottage by the sea!

In the cottage, &c

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE, NO. 1.

I travell'd about a bit in my time.
 And of troubles I've seen a few,
 But found it better, in ev'ry clime,
 To paddle my own canoe.
 My wants are small, I care not at all
 If my debts are paid when due;
 I drive away strife, in the ocean of life,
 While I paddle my own canoe.

CHORUS.

Then love your neighbor as yourself,
 As the world you go travelling through,
 And never sit down, with a tear or a frown,
 But paddle your own canoe.

I have no wife to bother my life,
 Nor lover to prove untrue;
 But the whole day long, with a laugh and a song,
 I paddle my own canoe.
 I rise with the lark, and from daylight till dark,
 I do what I have to do.
 I'm careless of wealth, if I've only the health
 To paddle my own canoe.

Then love your, &c.

It's all very well to depend on a friend,
 That is: if you've proved him true;
 But you'll find it better, by far in the end,
 To paddle your own canoe.
 To BORROW is dearer, by far, than to BUY,
 A maxim, tho' old, still true;
 You never will sigh, if you only will try
 To paddle your own canoe

Then love your, &c.

If a hurricane rise, in the mid-day skies,
 And the sun is lost to view,
 Move steadily by, with a steadfast eye,
 And paddle your own canoe.
 The daisies that grow in the bright green fields,
 Are blooming so sweet for you,
 So, never sit down, with a tear or a frown,
 But paddle your own canoe.

Then love your, &c.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE, NO. 2.

Never give up, when trials come,
 Never grow sad and blue,
 Never sit down, with a tear and a frown,
 But paddle your own canoe.

CHORUS.

Paddle your own canoe,
 Paddle your own canoe,
 Never sit down, with a tear and a frown,
 But paddle your own canoe.

There are daisies springing along the shore,
 Sweet and blooming for you,
 There are rose-hued dyes in the Autumn skies,
 Then paddle your own canoe.

Paddle your own, &c.

Up this world, and down this world,
 Over this world and through,
 When drifted about and tossed without,
 Why, paddle your own canoe.

Paddle your own, &c.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
 Kathleen Mavourneen, what slumb'ring still!
 Ah! hast thou forgotten soon we must sever?
 Oh! hast thou forgotten this day! we must part!
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart,

CHORUS.

And it may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen.

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,
 Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers,
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night,
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
 Mavourneen! Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part,
 It may be for years and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart.

It may be for years and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen.

DANDY PAT.

Composed by WILLIAM CARLETON.

Air:—"Tommy Taylor"

Oh! I'm the boy called Dandy Pat, Dandy Pat;
 I was born in the town of Ballinafat,
 I'm Pat the Dandy, O!
 I courted one Miss Kate Molloy, Kate Molloy;
 She sed: "I was the broth av a boy!"
 I'm Dandy Pat, heigho!
 I'm Dandy Pat, ochone! heigho!
 From Magherafelt to Ballinafat,
 There's none comes up to Dandy Pat!

My leg and foot is nate and trim, nate and trim;
 The girls all cry: "Jist look at him!"
 He's Pat the Dandy, O!
 My stick is med av good blackthorn,
 I'm the funniest divil ivir wus born;
 I'm Dandy Pat, heigho,
 I'm Dandy Pat, heigho! &c. [Repeat

My coat is med av Irish frieze, Irish frieze;
 The divil a one can take the prize
 From Dandy Pat, heigho!
 My hat is med av Irish felt, Irish felt.
 The hearts av all the girls I melt,
 I'm Pat the Dandy, O!
 I'm Dandy Pat, heigho! &c. [Repeat

I tuk a walk to the Cinthral Park, Cinthral Park;
 A nice young lady med the remark:
 "That's Pat the Dandy, O!"
 She axed me home to take some tay, some tay;
 She sed: she'd nivir go away
 From Dandy Pat, heigho!
 From Pat the Dandy, O! &c. [Repeat

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

The Sun is drooping down the West,
The little birds have gone to rest,
And little feet have weary grown,
And mother watches all alone.

While fondly bending o'er her child,
To pleasant land of dreams beguiled,
Oh, softly sweet is uttered there,
In pleading words the mother's prayer:

"Oh, sleep, my little darling, sleep!
While evening shadows o'er thee creep—
For He who marks the sparrows flight
Will keep my babe from harm to-night."

How fondly 'mid her joys and fears,
The mother waits the coming years,
For little feet may go astray,
And wander from the narrow way.

That angel-hands may shield his life,
Amid the never-ending strife,—
That love may banish pain and care,
Is all the mother's earnest prayer.

"Oh, sleep, my little darling, sleep!
While evening shadows round thee creep—
For He who marks the sparrow's flight,
Will keep my babe from harm to-night.
Will keep my babe from harm to-night."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I have wandered by the village, Tom—I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house playing-ground, which sheltered you and
me;

But none are left to greet me, Tom, and few are left to know
That played with us upon the green, just Twenty Years Ago.
The grass is just as green, dear Tom; bare-footed boys at play
Are sporting just as we were then, with spirits just as gay;
But master sleeps upon the hill, all coated o'er with snow,
That afforded us a sliding-place, just Twenty Years Ago.

The old school-house is altered some, the benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same our pen-knives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and
fro,

The music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas Twenty Years Ago.
The river is running just as still—the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the stream appears less
wide;

The grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the
beau,
And swung our sweet-hearts, pretty girls, just Twenty Years
Ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading
beech,

Is very high—'twas once so low that we could almost reach;
But in kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since Twenty Years Ago.
Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name—
Your sweet-heart is just beneath it, Tom—and you did mine
the same;

Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—'twas dying sure,
but slow,

Just as the one whose name you cut, did Twenty Years Ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears come in my
eyes;

I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some Twenty Years Ago.
Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
But when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to
go,

I hope they'll lay us where we played, just Twenty Years Ago.

MY FATHER SOULD CHARCOAL.

When I was a servant in sweet Tipperary, oh
 I was as smart as the Divil,
 And just as contrairy, oh!
 An Irish Gossoon,
 And great was th' applause of it:
 My father sould charcoal.
 And that was the cause of it.

CHORUS.

An Irish Gossoon,
 And great was th' applause of it,
 My father sould charcoal.
 And that was the cause of it.

Arrah, my mother poor soul, had a habit of drinking oh!
 She fell in a ditch,
 Which set her to thinking oh!
 A mammoth Phratee,
 And great was the size of it,
 Me mouth held a dozen,
 Which widened the breadth of it.

An Irish Gossoon, &c.

At a break-down or reel, It's highly and dntiful,
 And if to remember
 You need not stare at me,
 Sure I can wear my brogans,
 Both behind and in front of me.
 My father sould charcoal,
 And that was the cause of it.

An Irish Gossoon, &c.

And how does yeas do, I see yeas all laugh at me,
 And what would yeas give,
 For a nice Photograph of me,
 And if to remember
 You need not so stare at me,
 Sure I'll give every mother's son of yeas,
 A lock of the hair of me.

An Irish Cossoon, &c.

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I'LL ASK MY MOTHER AND LET YOU KNOW.

NEXT SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

A pretty little girl came courting me, her name was Sarah Broome;

She wanted me to marry her, and thought I was a loon,
She said: "I was a nice young man, and we might be well off soon."

But I'll ask my mother and let you know next Sunday afternoon.

CHORUS.

The Kindness of this pretty little girl I never can forget,
That wanted me to marry her, but I cannot see that yet.

One afternoon, Miss Sarah Broome took me out for a walk,
She kissed me and caressed me, and so lovingly did talk,
She wanted me to fly with her that night by the light of the moon,

But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.

The kindness, &c.

She made me a present of a watch and chain, likewise a brand new hat,

For Sundays, when I walked with her, that I might cut it fat,
But when she found I would not fly with her, she wanted the presents back, soon,

But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.

The kindness, &c.

Out of revenge, with one she knew, she ran away that night,
They both came back for the watch and chain, and wanted me to fight;

He said: In a field if he had me, that he would kill me soon!
But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.

The kindness, &c.

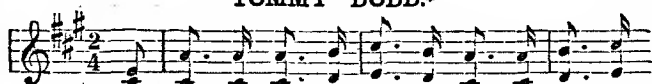
If there's any young girl, that's here to-night, would like to be my wife,

Let her step forward, and I'll do the best for her, through life;
And if she's in a hurry, why, we might be married soon;

But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.

The kindness, &c.

TOMMY DODD.*



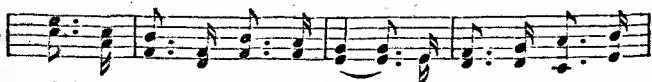
I lead a some-what ea - sy life, Like most men



a - bout town, But still I must sub-mit to you I'm



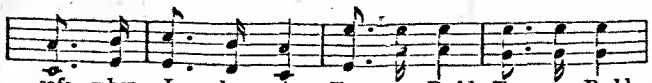
some-what of re - nown; A spec - u - la - tive turn of



mind, It may seem ra - ther odd, I have a weak-ness,



and it is A love for "Tom-^{my} Dodd." I'm al-ways



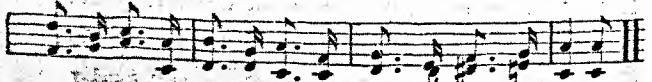
safe when I be - gin Tom - my Dodd, Tom - my Dodd;



Glass-es round, se-gars as well, Tom-my Dodd, Tom-my Dodd;



Now, my boys, let's all go in. Tom - my Dodd, Tom - my Dodd;



Head or tail, I'm safe to win, Hur-rah for Tom-my Dodd!

* An expression used to signify "Toss up."

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

You've no idea the run of luck,
Which I have found the rule,
Attends you if you go in "hot,"
Of course remaining "cool."
A purse is just in case of need,
For you can ride rough shod,
And live like any fighting cock,
If you're *up* in "Tommy Dodd!"

I'm always sure, &c.

A friend of mine three daughters had,
He asked me home to tea,
I play'd and sung when by and bye,
They all spoon'd on to me.
I couldn't court the lot you know,
For that would seem so odd,
So I propos'd that they'd decide,
By way of "Tommy Dodd!"

CHORUS TO LAST VERSE.

I'm always sure when I begin, Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!
Glasses round or what you like, Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!
Now, my boys, one more go in, Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!
Head or tail I'm sure to win, Hurrah for Tommy Dodd.

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

My boyhood's home! I see thy hills—
I see thy valleys changeful green,
And manhood's eye a tear-drop fills,
Tho' years have roll'd since thee I've seen!

I come to thee from war's dread school,
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule;
But while I gaze on each lov'd plain,
I feel I am a boy again.

To the war-steed adieu—to the trumpet farewell—
To the pomp of the palace—the proud gilded dome;
For the green scenes of childhood, I bid ye farewell!
The soldier returns to his boyhood's loved home.

My boyhood's home, &c.

PM LONELY TO-NIGHT.

Words and Music by G. W. H. GRIFFEN.

I am lonely to-night, in my sad little chamber,
While the stars sweetly shine upon all I hold dear :
They are gone from their home with the bold fearless ranger,
There's a void in my heart ; for, they are not here.
Oh! why did they leave me alone and deserted,
To risk their dear lives on the blood-sprinkled plain !
Should they never return, this poor heart will soon wither,
And never know joy or comfort again.

CHORUS.

I am lonely to-night, I am lonely to-night,
While the stars sweetly shine upon all I hold dear ;
I am lonely, I am lonely to-night.

I am lonely to-night, but ere Spring-birds shall warble
Their matinal song in the wild forest-tree,
And the bright limpid brook with sweet music shall babble
My heart will grow lighter, while thinking of thee !
Then fleet by dull hours, and bring back the loved ones,
Who parted from friends with a tear moistened eye ;
For, then, this sad heart will no longer be lonely,
But joyous and happy as the mild azure sky.

I am lonely, &c

HOME SWEET HOME.

Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
A charm from the skies, seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home. *Repeat.*

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child ;
She looks on that moon from her own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lowly, thatched cottage again ;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

